

Falling on deaf ears

by abigail.hughes.169

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Summary: Teaser, rest of story will be posted soon if people are interested. Harry gets left at King's Cross. Having to deal with the results of his Uncle, how will the magical world be able to cope. Please do take a look. Will follow canon. Not posting characters yet as it will give the story away for later.

Falling on deaf ears

AN this is the first half of chapter one. we will start posting the rest soon so do feel free to follow etc to know when we start posting. it is just to see if people are interested before we get too into the story. Co written with foreverme98. please review.

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><p>Vernon drove into the car park of King's Cross. Climbing out of the car, he roughly pulled Harry, his nephew, from the back seat, followed by a small suitcase containing all of his possessions. He proceeded to close the door, get in the car and, drive off, leaving Harry standing there confused and scared. Harry looked around and saw a door that lots of people were going into. Deciding his best bet would be to follow them and hope some answers turned up soon.<p>

No one seemed to notice the small, frightened boy wearing filthy clothes, and sporting a dirty face with messy hair. Reaching the strange building, he saw what he assumed were trains from the models he had seen Dudley with.

Still wondering what to do, and unsure of where he was going, Harry made his way over to a quiet corner. Setting himself down on the floor, he opened his suitcase. There were only two tee shirts, one pair of trousers, some skivvies and socks. On top of all this was a small piece of paper. Since he didn't know how to read, he didn't know what it said, but he grabbed it anyway, and after closing his trunk, he made his way over to the crowd of people.

Realizing that he would need to ask someone for help, he looked around hoping there would be someone he could ask for help. Narrowing down the options was easy. Men were scary. Youth hurt him. Children were stupid. The only option he felt remotely comfortable with were women. A suit meant busy so he was looking for a woman who wasn't wearing a suit. Spotting a lady over by the opposite wall, who was currently looking after 7 rambunctious children, Harry decided she would do. Hoping she would be willing to help, he pushed his way through the crowd.

The lady noticed him when he was standing about five feet from her. Walking up to him, kneeling in front of him, she smiled and said something he couldn't hear. Placing his case on the floor, he held his hand out and signed for help. Realization flashed across the lady's face when she realized he couldn't hear her.

Again, she smiled at him while gesturing to the piece of paper sticking out of his pocket. Grabbing it, he handed it over, hoping that she would understand. Looking at the paper, to his face, then to his forehead, she reached up to move his hair out of the way. She saw him flinch but also saw the distinctive lightning bolt scar. She led him over to her children, said something to the eldest, then she handed them each a piece of paper- the same as his own. Hugging the girl, she turned back to Harry and took his arm. The next thing he knew, he was being squeezed through a tiny hole.

Finally, being released from the tight pace, Harry looked around and started to panic at the unknown place, and the fact that he had obviously changed locations without having moved. He first noticed a strange man who had white hair flowing down his back and friendly blue eyes.

A short time later, the fire lit up and another woman stepped out. This new woman moved towards him and knelt on the floor in front of him. Before he had a chance to panic, the woman starting signing, "My name is Madam Pomfrey. Are you alright?"

"No, I'm scared and lost and confused. What's happening?" Harry asked fearfully.

The grey-haired lady turned her head to look at the older man. They exchanged glances with each other, and after a moment, she turned her attention back to him. "There is no need to worry. Can you tell me what ails you?"

Harry finally calmed down enough to take in that she was dressed as a nurse. He only knew this because he had seen women dressed similarly on the tele.

"I can't hear, and I can't talk. Is that what you mean?" Harry was slightly puzzled as to what she meant but hoped the answer he gave was right. The lady turned and looked at the other people in the room, he guessed to tell them something. She nodded her head a few times, then looked back at him.

"Why can't you hear, Harry?" she signed. "Did someone hurt you?"

Gathering his courage, he began the short story that led to his deafness, "My uncle hit me when I was really little and my head hit

the corner of the unit. Since then I've not been able to hear anything."

A lone tear dripped down Madam Pomfrey's cheek. "I'm sorry what's wrong?" he questioned, worried that he had said something to make her upset with him.

"Nothing. Would you like me to return your hearing?"

The young boy looked thoughtful for a long time before he very hesitantly nodded his head.

"Alright, it might come as a bit of a shock at first, but after that we should be alright. I just need you to stay calm, please." She looked over to the others for a final time before gently moving a stick in front of his face.

Something warm could be felt through his head. The next thing he knew was the cooing of a bird he hadn't noticed before. Everything was a big shock for him, and Harry wasn't sure what was happening.

"Harry, these are called ear defenders. If you put them on they will block out noises that are too much." Harry reached forward and took the device.

Then for the first time in a very long time someone spoke to him. "Hello, Harry." The woman who had found him asked, "Would you like a hug?"

Not waiting for a reply, she took the small boy in her arms. Not being able to maintain control any longer, he broke down into tears. A few minutes later, he calmed himself. The only reminder of his breakdown being the wet patch on the lady's shoulder and an occasional sniffle.

End  
file.